



## A NEW YEAR'S WISH.



**A** HAPPY NEW YEAR, one and all! May roses strew your way.  
And paths be glad and beautiful on which you start to-day:  
May hours of golden sunlight bring but just a dash of rain.

And gracious gifts of pleasure hold the faintest touch of pain.  
For skies are fairer which betimes the clouds have overtaken.  
And pleasure is the sweeter when the grief and pain are past.  
And if among your roses red the ivy is entwined  
Your heart will beat the nearer to the heart of all mankind.

A Happy New Year, one and all! Ah! who could wish you less!  
May all the gracious charities that heal and soothe and bless  
Drop down into your waiting hands, and may you e'er impart  
To all the weary souls of men the joy within your heart.  
For hearts that hold no warmth ne'er know the joy it is to live:  
Our lives are measured by the joy which we to others give.  
Let all the year be golden with our deeds of gracious love.  
And earth will swing the nearer to the sky that bends above.

NIXON WATERMAN.

## A QUESTION OF PRINCIPLE

Mrs. M. L. Rayne.

It was New Year's eve in that cold and glorious climate where the snow lies on the bosom of the earth like a protecting mantle from December to March and the nights are crisp and cold, with a resinous tang in the air, due to the forests of odorous pine. New Year's eve and the merry jingle of sleighbells in the little town of Brandon made a harmonious discord that reached the ears of two people who were having the first quarrel of their lives, and who presented—if they had only known it—an absurd appearance, one in a lachrymose, the other in a belligerent, state. It came about in the strangest way, this quarrel between two married lovers who had established their lives upon a firm foundation of principle and respect, as well as mutual love, before they took upon themselves the responsibilities of wedded life.

These were the first holidays since their wedding and they had anticipated a season of quiet enjoyment with each other, and now they were hardly on speaking terms. And there was no one to blame but themselves.

It happened in this way: Alice, Mrs. Eversham, had been very anxious to make her husband, Horace, a New

Year's present, but had refrained from prudential reasons. They were saving money to pay on a home and were exercising a rigid economy in which both were equally interested. If Horace went without cigars and other luxuries, his wife gave up having afternoon teas, and hired only one domestic, who worked by the day. A certain amount was reserved for charity, and as the end of the year approached and cold weather brought extra demands, this fund gave out and there were several cases of destitution which they could not relieve, but were compelled to hand over to the charitable society of the church.

Therefore it was at Alice's own suggestion that the society got up a bazar for the sale of contributed goods, and took the proceeds to ameliorate the conditions of their poor.

This was the beginning of the trouble. When the sales were over, they took the things that remained unsold and put them up at so much a chance. Alice had put her foot down—it was a very pretty foot—against the proceedings, but had been overpersuaded that it was perfectly right, as the church would sanction it. Still, she only gave a negative consent, for she would neither buy nor sell any of the chances. But when one of her young friends took a couple of chances for her—a dressing-gown and chocolate set—she had said, laughingly, that if she won they might send them to her address.

She did not say anything about it to Horace, who was too much occupied with the closing business of the year to attend the bazar, and knew nothing of this lottery feature.

She would not have had him know it on